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F. W. HARTFORD,  
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## FOR PORTSMOUTH

### PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17, 1900.

France is taking another yank at poor China's pigtail.

The Man With the Hoe is out of it. Now it's the Man With the Snow Shovel.

When Ladysmith takes that tumble, we shall have no difficulty in hearing the thud.

The press censor is getting in more work down in South Africa than all the British and Boer armies put together.

Bryan says he has been preaching anti-imperialism for three years. Such long sermons never make any converts.

Polygamist Roberts is just as far from his seat in congress as ever, and the American people will take good care that he stays there.

That man of comicalities, Lentz of Ohio, threatens to denounce Secretary Gage's bank policy. And the bank policy laughs heartily.

It is hard to see wherein the British officers in South Africa can find any reason for being jealous of each other. None of them has yet won anything approaching a victory.

Whom will the anti-imperialists shove forward in the senate to make a reply to the strong speech of Mr. Beveridge? Available oratorical timber in their ranks is very scarce.

That "bloodiest battle of the century," as Methuen described a skirmish, will come when Buller at last tries in earnest to get his army across the Tugela. The river will run with blood.

The Boston newspapers are foolish to try to smooth the way for Senator Hoar and dig up excuses for his many bad breaks on the Philippine issue, simply because he hails from Massachusetts.

Grover Cleveland didn't shoot many ducks on his latest trip, but he succeeded in curing his rheumatism. The party evidently didn't forget to take along the usual assortment of cocktails with their other firearms.

Boston has so many infatuated followers of Howells, that a strong publication like the Arena has been forced to remove to New York to secure a satisfactory circulation among readers who prefer sound essays to insipid fiction.

In the death of Felix Morris, the stage loses an actor of high moral principles, great ability in his chosen roles and noteworthy faithfulness to his family. Were there more men as clean in every particular upon the stage today, the profession would not be so harshly criticised in certain quarters.

George Siler, who makes the refereeing of prize fights his profession, says that all such events in New York city are fixed beforehand by a political ring, that controls the licenses for the affairs. Nobody who has closely studied the fights of the past year or two will be at all surprised at Siler's assertion. The best man gets the decision about once in a hundred times.

Summed up the "anti-imperialist" comment on Senator Beveridge's speech seems to be that it is an unparalleled crime on the part of a public man to be a day under seventy. — Boston Journal.

It may be added that the fellows in congress, over seventy, seem to be making fools of themselves just at present, presumably because they are in their second childhood, and the younger set are coming to the front as possessing about all the brains of the country's highest parliamentary body.

# THE HELGOLAND.

## Name Of The Wreck In St. Mary's Bay.

### The Steamer Was Bound From Philadelphia To Norway.

#### She Carried Valuable Cargo, And Had Crew Of Thirty-Five.

Boston, Jan. 16.—The chamber of commerce this afternoon posted the following bulletin: "It is now believed that the steamer wrecked in St. Mary's bay last Thursday is the German tank steamer Helgoland, which sailed from Philadelphia on January 5th for Norway. Half of a ship's boat marked 'Helgoland' has been picked up off Cape Pine, which would seem to indicate that the unfortunate ship is the Helgoland."

#### Doesn't Think 'Tis The Helgoland.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16.—The agent of the German tank steamer Helgoland says the fact that part of a ship's boat marked with her name has been found off Newfoundland is not in itself convincing proof that the wrecked vessel is really she. The wreck has two masts and her funnel is amidships, while the Helgoland had three masts and her funnel was aft. The Helgoland carried a cargo of 1,500,000 gallons of fine petroleum, valued at more than \$75,000. Her crew consisted of thirty-five men, all of whom were Germans.

#### Coming In From The Wreck.

St. Johns, N. F., Jan. 16.—The Colonial cruiser Syona is just coming into port from a visit to the wreck in St. Mary's bay. She probably brings additional particulars concerning the identity of the ship. A diligent search has been kept up all day for bodies from the wreck.

#### The Wrecked Steamer Is The Helgoland.

St. Johns, N. F., Jan. 16.—Everything goes to show that the wrecked steamer is the Helgoland, the property of the Dutch-American Petroleum Co. Life buoys and large pieces of wreckage have been picked up with the name of the steamer painted on them. Seven bodies have been washed ashore and five others are in the wreckage near the ship.

#### WHOLESALE KILLING.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Jan. 16.—Ex-Congressman David S. Colson shot and killed Ethelbert Scott, Luther Demaree and Charles Julian, and wounded two others, in the Capitol hotel here today. The killing was the result of the renewal of the feud between Colson and Scott, which grew up between them while in the army last year.

#### WILL EFFECT A COALITION.

BERLIN, Jan. 16.—An official of high authority said today that if England delays much longer giving the satisfaction demanded for the seizures of German cargoes, Emperor William will precipitate a coalition of the powers to force her to respect the commercial rights of neutral nations at sea.

#### IN A PITIABLE FLIGHT.

BARCELONA, Spain, Jan. 16.—The Spanish trans-Atlantic liner Leon XIII has arrived here from the Philippines with a number of the Spanish prisoners and their families. The plight of most of them is lamentable. They are being assisted by the town authorities.

#### PHILIPPINE COMMISSION FINISHES ITS REPORT.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The Philippine commission completed its report today and sent it to the public printer. It is believed that the first volume will be presented before congress within a week.

#### HEAVY FIRING HEARD.

LONDON, Jan. 17.—There is no news from the front, but heavy firing was heard today in the direction of France. It is probable that General Buller is engaging the enemy.

#### THREW UP THE SPONGE.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 16.—Tommy Dixon, 24, threw up the sponge at the end of the fifteenth round in his match with Billy Ryan here tonight.

# MUNYON'S INHALER

CURES CATARRH  
Colds, Coughs,  
Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Asthma  
and all Diseases  
of the Throat and Lungs.

Chloroform Inhaler is a valuable remedy for all the above diseases. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant, and is used by the medical profession in all cases of the above diseases. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant, and is used by the medical profession in all cases of the above diseases.

#### BOERS REPULSED AT RENSBURG.

RENSBURG, CAPE COLONY, Jan. 15.—The Boers this morning attempted to rush a hill held by a company of the Yorkshires and the New Zealanders, but they were repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The Boers had twenty-one men killed and about fifty wounded. The bill commanded the greater part of the country to the east of the main Boer position and it was largely for their interest to seize it. They advanced cautiously until very close, when they fixed bayonets and charged. Captain Maddox and a number of New Zealanders jumped the wall and made a fierce counter charge upon the Boers, who fled precipitately. They fell over each other in their desperate efforts to get to safety. The persistent fire poured after them by the British entailed a heavy loss upon them.

#### DAWSON BURNS UP AGAIN.

SEATTLE, WASH., Jan. 16.—The ship Danube, that has arrived at Victoria from Skagway, reports that on the night of Wednesday last the greater portion of the business section of Dawson city was wiped out by fire. No names of the buildings burned are available, but the loss is believed to have been a half million dollars. The operator at Skagway received a report of the fire on the very night that it occurred. He says that the disaster will necessarily cause great suffering, as it is forty degrees below zero up there, with wind. There was no regulation water supply in Dawson.

#### CAUSED A PANIC.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Jan. 16.—This afternoon a lamp in a pool room exploded and ignited a gasoline tank. The flames spread to the fourth story. There was a panic among the women occupants, and Annie Hopkins was rescued from a window by a fireman just as she was about to leap to the sidewalk. There was no damage to the building.

#### MORE DYNAMITE GOES UP.

TURIN, ITALY, Jan. 16.—A dynamite factory at Abigliano blew up today with such force that five buildings were totally demolished, the whole surrounding district was shaken and many structures received severe damage. Ten bodies have been recovered from the ruins. A number of persons were badly hurt.

#### CONTRIBUTES \$50,000.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—Miss Helen Gould has contributed \$50,000 to aid in the building of a new home for the naval branch of the Young Men's Christian association in Brooklyn.

#### A \$5000 GIFT.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Jan. 16.—Hon. William C. Todd of Atkinson, N. H., has given \$5000 to the public library of this city, to be used for the purchase of periodicals.

#### WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Forecast for New England: Fair Wednesday, colder in northern portions, fair Thursday, fresh northwesterly winds.

#### WAR OFFICE SHUTS OFF NEWS.

LONDON, Jan. 17, 12.30 A. M.—At midnight the war office announced that no more news would be given out tonight.

#### SAMOAN TREATY RATIFIED.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The senate today ratified the Samoan treaty.

#### A FRIGHTFUL BLUNDER.

Will often cause a horrible burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Eruptions, Corns, all skin Eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

The little folks love Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take; perfectly harmless; positive cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma.

## TIPS ON THE MARKET.

### Why One Broker Absolutely Refuses to Post His Friends.

"A tip to a friend! Not on your life!" said a veteran New Orleans broker, chatting over cigars and coffee in a restaurant last night. "I've responded on kind words as often as the next fellow," he continued earnestly, "and I'll do it again, but a tip on the market—no! I wouldn't give it if I knew it was a lead pipe end and the other chap needed the money to buy bread. That sounds hard, and it's the result of hard experience. When I was young and green, I used to put folks next to 'good things' now and then, and there was never a case—not one—in which I didn't have a reason to curse my folly. In the first place, nobody who gets a secret of that kind is going to keep it."

"One day years ago, just to give you an illustration, a man who was an old friend of my father's and who was badly down on his luck, came to ask my private advice on a little speculative investment. I took him into my back office, swore him to secrecy and gave him a piece of information of considerable value. I instructed him exactly what to do and impressed upon him that the least leak would ruin the whole thing, and incidentally destroy his own chances of making some money. I was so earnest that he got indignant and asked me if I meant to insult him by doubting his word."

"Well, inside of an hour he had told the secret, in strict confidence, of course, to two particular friends, each of whom proceeded to tell it in strict confidence to other particular friends, giving me as authority all along the line, and before night it was public property. You may imagine in what sort of position I was placed. Men who had lost thousands of dollars through my indiscretion didn't feel inclined to listen to explanations, and some of them are my enemies to this day. I don't blame 'em."

"When I took my man to task, he was dumfounded. He swore by all that was holy he hadn't said a word, and when I asked the thing with positive proof he got mad. A chap who does you an involuntary injury is always sure to hate you afterward. That's one instance out of a dozen differing slightly in detail, but all having the same moral—namely, don't give tips."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### WHEN FORT HILL WENT UP.

#### The Experience of a Colored Man in the Explosion.

"Speaking of comical incidents in the civil war," said Captain Oscar Ludwig, "brings to mind an incident of the blowing up of Fort Hill at Vicksburg. Fort Hill, it should be understood, was the key to the Confederate system of fortifications. Our regiment, the Twenty-fifth Illinois, had charged up to the fort on May 22, but was ordered back on the 23d and laid siege in a regular way. In June we proceeded to dig an open tunnel toward the fort for the purpose of mining. A car loaded high with cotton bales was pushed in front to protect the diggers, and the tunnel or trench was covered as we proceeded to protect us from the Confederate fire. Finally we pushed the tunnel under the fort and made ready for exploding the mines, and our brigade made ready for the charge."

"The mines were exploded. The fort and all the men in it seemed to go into the air, and the Twenty-fifth Illinois and other regiments rushed into the gap. As we climbed over the broken embankment three men who had been blown up with the fort came down. Two of these were white men, and they were dead. The other, a colored man, came down with a mass of debris, but he was living. When the boys dug him out, they asked him how in the world he came to be in the fort. The frightened dandy explained that he was the servant of one of the leading officers and that he had just carried to his master his dinner when the explosion came."

"He went on to say: 'That is so for a fact. I came in just in time to be blown up. I was standing by the side of the captain when there came a roarin' and tremblin', and I felt myself goin' up. In a little while I started down, and I met the captain comin' up, but we didn't speak. He was goin' up head first and I was comin' down head first. I struck, mighty hard, but here I is, thank de Lord and de Yankees!' I suppose that if any one would ask that dandy to describe the siege of Vicksburg he would tell of his own mishap at the blowing up of Fort Hill."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Persian Soldier's Confession.  
The Rev. Samuel Graham Wilson, M. A., author of "Persian Life and Customs," is a missionary who has lived in the land he writes about for more than 30 years. To show that the Persian peasant is not devoid of humor, the doctor tells the following experience:

"A soldier was an attaché of a royal household, and besides soliciting, he had to write poems and tell conundrums and improvise puzzles. One day, after not having been paid for either military or other duties, he said to his master: 'I have a conundrum, your excellency.'"

"What is it?"

"Tell me what it is which has a name but no existence?"

"The physician thought for some time and then exclaimed: 'I give it up. Now tell me the answer.'"

"My salary," the peasant growled, dropping on his knees for daring to be so bold."—Saturday Evening Post.

### Sheep as Beasts of Burden.

In the northern part of India sheep are put to a use unknown to in European or American countries. They are made to serve as beasts of burden. The mountain paths along the foothills of the Hindu Alaya are so steep and rocky that the sheep, more surefooted than larger beasts, are preferred as hidden carriers. The load for each sheep is from 16 to 20 pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village, with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he turns it homeward, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

When the Band Doesn't Play On.  
One of the queer things of a great procession is that the band always ceases to play just before it passes you, no matter what your location may be.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A woman who has spent a good deal of time in Japan says that she has often kept out flowers for an abnormally long period by burning them stems with a piece of wood.



### What Makes Home?

Home is made by the family. Without the love which comes with children there may be a house but never a home, in the best meaning of the word. Many a house which was only four walls and a roof has been made a home by the agency of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Nature sets her face against childlessness and "Favorite Prescription" works with nature to remove the obstacles to maternity.

"I had been a sufferer from uterine trouble for about three years, having two miscarriages at that time and the doctors that I consulted said I would have to go through an operation before I could give birth to children," writes Mrs. Blanch E. Evans, of Parsons, Linn Co., Pa. Box 41. "When about to give up in despair, I bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and after taking it felt better than I had for years. I felt improved before I had taken one-half bottle. After taking four and a half bottles I gave birth to a bright baby girl who is now four months old and has not had a day of sickness since she was brought home. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser a work for every woman is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book or 31 stamps for cloth covered to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Buy Now!

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF  
Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Stone Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.  
Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.  
Just drop around and look them if you do not want to buy.

### THOMAS McCUE,

Stone Stable - Fleet Street

### STANDARD BRAND.

### Newark cement.

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

### THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the Principal Government and Other

Public Works, and has received the commendation of the Architects and consumers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN E. BROUGHTON

SEND NO MONEY

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This Circular Pusher is a very latest style for Fall and Winter made of the best of materials. It is a very valuable and useful article. It is a very valuable and useful article. It is a very valuable and useful article.

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# PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

## WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

### A Guide for Visitors and Members.

#### OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, A. C. E.

Meets at Hall, Petros Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Fred Gardner, N. C.; Charles F. Cole, V. C.; Thomas L. Dudley, H. P.; E. G. Gidney, V. H.; Charles E. Oliver, S. H.; Orville E. Hawes, P. C.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; True W. Priest, K. of E.

#### CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.

Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Thursdays of each month.

Officers—J. H. Kirvan, G. K.; Geo. S. Kirvan, D. G. K.; Wm. McEvoy, C.; Dennis McGrath, W.; W. T. Morrissey, F. S.; W. F. Micott, R. S.; Daniel Casey, T.

#### OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 43, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

#### MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Saturday Evening, Jan. 20th.

NIDEN BENEDICT'S SCENIC TRIUMPH

"QUO VADIS,"

As Dramatized by Chas. W. Chase. (Positively the Original Production)

Excellent Cast of Characters. Beautiful Stage Setting. Special Scenery For Every Act. Correct Wardrobe and Properties.

Pronounced Everywhere "The Event of the Season."

PRICES, 25, 35, 50 & 75.

Seats on sale at Music hall box office Thursday morning at 7:30.

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Go to

C. E. Dempsey's Stable,

Deer Street,

Or call him by telephone 18-3

and he will send any team you want to your door.

Choice Horses, Well Equipped Carriage

BUY ONLY THE BEST



## NOT AN EVEN MATCH.

### GAME OF BILLIARDS THAT WAS RATHER ONE SIDED.

Low a Concocted Young Traveling Man Made the Mistake of Judging His Ordinary Looking Opponent by Appearances.

"One snowy afternoon, some winters ago," said a commercial traveler, "I was watching a game of billiards in the billiard room of a St. Louis hotel. The two players were traveling men, one a young fellow and the other a middle aged man. The younger man was a trifle the better player, but he was so convinced over the good shots he made that all of us who were watching the game were inclined to root for the older man. Every time the younger man drove the balls around in a way that suited him he exclaimed, 'I'll beat you two to one,' or 'I'm a class A proposition at this game,' or something like that, and his habit of casting aspersions along his own pathway was somewhat disgusting. Finally the older man had enough, and he put up his cue. The younger man looked around the room in a cocksure kind of a way and inquired: 'Any of you gentlemen want to play a game or two?'

"There was no response to his invitation for a moment or so, and he was about to return his cue to the rack when an ordinary looking man, with a stubby mustache and fine lines under his eyes and not overly well dressed, stepped forward in a diffident sort of way. 'It had been watching the young man's game for some time,'

"I'll go you a string or two," he said, "although I'm a bit out of practice at the game."

"The young fellow looked the man over, probably wondering within himself whether it would do for such a howling swell as himself to engage in a public game with a man who appeared to be so careless as to his apparel, but he finally said patronizingly:—

"Well, take a cue. What's your strong hold in the game, anyhow?"

"Oh, anything," said the ordinary looking man. "Not particular."

"How about cushion caroms?"

"They'll do," said the untidy looking man.

"Shall I discount you?"

"Not unless you insist upon it. I'm a little out of practice, but I'll try and hold my own. If I don't succeed in doing that, you can discount me if you like."

"So they started to play. The young chap won the bank, and he reeled off 12 cushion caroms in quite dazzling fashion. Then he looked around for approval while he chalked his cue. The untidy looking man attempted a comparatively easy one and missed it by a hair. The young man smiled in a superior sort of way and cracked out nine more. The ordinary looking man made two and then fell down on a comparatively easy draw. He didn't look in the least worried, however, but stuck a couple of sticks of chewing gum into his face and chucked away at them contentedly. The young man ran out in three or four more innings, with a score of 50 to 12 in his favor. He crowed exultingly, and then he started to put up his cue.

"Through?" inquired the ordinary looking man.

"Yes," was the reply; "I don't like to play solitaire. I'm afraid you're not quite hard enough a nut for me to crack, my friend."

"Oh, well, we might as well have another game," said the man with the stubby mustache.

"Well, I don't mind," replied the youth with the inflated chest measurement.

"So at it they started again. The young man forged steadily ahead.

"Here," he said when he had 15 on his string to the ordinary man's 4, "I'll discount you, and I bet I go out before you've run 20."

"Let go go," said the ordinary looking man. "What's the bet?"

"Make it \$5, shall we?" inquired the large headed youth, sizing up his opponent as if he didn't believe the latter had anything like that much in his clothes.

"Five hundred, if you want to," said the seedy looking man, pulling out a wad of dark green ones big enough to stuff a horse collar. The young man sort of gasped.

"Oh, no, not that kind of money," he said, "but I'll make it \$25, if you want to."

"You're on," said the seedy looking man, and the money was put in the hands of the proprietor of the room.

"It was the young man's next shot, and he ran 14 cushion caroms with such address and eclat that he couldn't refrain from looking at us laughingly. He left the balls in the middle of the table. The seedy looking man asked for a ruler, and with a piece of chalk he proceeded to draw fifteen and sundry lines on the table just 12 inches from the sides and ends thereof.

"What are you going to do?" asked the hot youth, with a surprised expression.

"Play you 12 inch balk to your cushion caroms," replied the ordinary looking man, munching his gum, "and I'll alter the terms of our wager to this effect—that you don't get another shot in the string of 50." The young man grinned complacently.

"Then the seedy looking man pranced in with a cue as light as thistle down. I never saw such billiards at billiard exhibitions or anywhere else. It was beautiful. The man just drew 'em back to the exact spot he wanted 'em, even when he seemed to be smashing 'em all over the table for general results, and then, with a saturnine grin on his face, he'd go at 'em like a woman striking a sleeping kitten, and they'd do anything he wanted. It was pretty. The young man leaned on his cue, crestfallen, and muttering things. The ordinary looking man didn't stop when he ran out the string of 50, but he went right ahead. When he had made 150 and the balls still together, nursed into shape for his hundredth, mopped his forehead and remarked that it was warm and that he guessed he'd go out and get some air.

"But you're a ringer, you know," said the cheery youth.

"Oh, not exactly that," replied the ordinary looking man. "The bed doesn't stand, and you, of course, pull down your money. I just wanted to lurch up a bit, anyhow. My name's Schaefer, and I give an exhibition in this town tonight. Might as well drop down and look on."

"Then Jake Schaefer, the then champion billiardist of the world, drew his \$25 and walked out with a twinkle in his eyes."—Washington Star.

## WOES OF THE INTERLOCUTOR.

### A Luckless Mortal Hired to De-Swamp With Cags.

It is generally considered that the interlocutor has a mournful and depressing life, unshadowed by a gleam of sunshine, but his career is a continual picnic compared to that of the interloper, a least of all in the case of the interlocutor. This unfortunate gentleman puts in his whole life to see the points of "cags" hurled at him by the end men, failing to guess the most palatable comedians and being a mark generally for the comedians, in the midst of which he must rise gracefully and announce in a well modulated tone:—

"Mr. Manuel Romaine, the celebrated lyric tenor, will now render that beautiful ballad 'Love You Once, I Scorn You Now,' and subscribe graciously into his seat until the song is ended and the bones and tambour are ready to throw a few more bricks at him.

It is a peculiar feature of the interlocutor's mental make up that he never sees the joke until the end man waxes him with it. He isn't supposed to. When Bones sniffs with scorn at the interlocutor's recital of his feats as a fire saver, in which he recounts the three adventures whereby he recovered the switch of a half drowned lady and returned it to her, Bones says indignantly:—

"Why, you're not a life saver at all!"

"What am I, then?" asks the interlocutor in surprise.

"Why, you're only a hair restorer," answers the comedian. Then the interlocutor has to look indignant for a moment and once more gracefully rise and with a low announce the pleasing lady tenor who will favor with the latest song, entitled, etc. It's a hard life. He never has a come back, which is some slight recompense for getting a jolt now and then. All the points are reserved for the comedians. They get all the laughs, which are invariably on the poor interlocutor.

He knows that any attempt on his part to take a rise out of the end men would be fatal not only to the even tenor of the performance, but probably to the interlocutor's job. All this must be very depressing to that functionary in his hours off the stage. He must take a very oblique and moody view of life. It is but natural he should burn for a chance to "get back" at the comedians, to hand Bones a tizzling "rag" and get away with it to make Tambourine wish he had never learned the trade and then retire gracefully. If the interlocutor could do these things, at least once, it would be he would consider his life had not been spent in vain.—Chicago Chronicle.

## SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

### Some of the Things That Bring Bad Luck to a Ship.

Pets are believed to bring good luck, and when in the Spanish-American war, a man was struck and killed by a bursting shell on the Texas all the sailors on the fleet said it was because the battleship was without a mascot.

The cat has a bad reputation, among seafaring men, most of whom believe that she brings ill luck to a ship. If a cat falls overboard and is drowned (she is always rescued if possible), the men will often leave at the next port, believing the ship is doomed, and I have heard men-of-war men cite the case of the old Kearsarge as proof thereof.

On her last voyage the frigate carried a cat and a monkey. A violent feud existed between them, and on their way north, one dark and stormy night, Jacko, the monkey, fell overboard, running along the rail and chattering like a mad as the unfortunate cat disappeared in the building waves. The seas were running too high to admit of launching a boat, and puss was left to a watery grave, but not without many gloomy forebodings, which were realized soon afterward, when the Kearsarge stranded on the fatal reef.

To fall down without any apparent cause a warning of death in the immediate future. An American cruiser was lying off Nice a few years ago when a seaman fell prone on the deck. Upon rising he went to his bunk and, returning, placed a slip of paper bearing his mother's address in the hand of a messmate, saying he did not expect to see home again.

For the nose to bleed only a few drops is believed in the navy to foretell death in as many days or weeks as there are drops of blood. You may hear a sailor sing at sea, but he rarely whistles. Whistling is supposed to bring a hurricane and is always hushed by the remark, "There's a hurricane sailor here."—Self Culture.

## He Fished on Sunday.

A Memphis man told of an incident which occurred to him one Sunday while he was fishing in a lake in Arkansas. "I was having good sport," he says, "and had caught a fine string of fish, which were in the bottom of my boat. The temperature dropped 20 degrees in half an hour, and the rain also dropped hard and fast, just how hard may be imagined from the fact that the boat began to fill not only from the rain which fell, but also from the lake water which spilled into it by the rain dropping on the surface of the water. The boat filled to the gunwales, and right before my eyes that string of fish swam off in a perfectly straight column, leaving me too astonished to make any move toward their recapture."—Memphis Scimitar.

## Inducement.

No, the trillioneire did not wish to learn to play golf.

"I haven't time," he protested. "It is a disgrace to die rich, and it will keep me very busy the rest of my life getting rid of my money."

But it was presently made very plain that he was not sincere in his profession of a desire to be impoverished, for when they submitted to him figures showing how many balls are lost by the average tyro at golf, he still replied that he did not care to learn to play this noble game.—Detroit Journal.

## Duty.

A duty may be a very difficult thing, a very disagreeable thing, and, what is strange, it is often a very invisible thing. It is present, close before, and yet we don't see it somebody shouts its name in our ear, "Duty," and straight it towers before us as a grim giant.

There are a lot of But Then people. When they say anything good about others, they always add, "But, then,"—Atchison Globe.

A Dallas mother with five grown daughters defines a bachelor as a "miserable coward, who has lost the opportunity of a life time."—Dallas News.

## THE WARNINGS.

I was walking in the meadow when I heard the bushes rustle.

Secretly the little birds of May—the young ones—were at hand.

Upon the wing of a Swallowman the sound, a merriment, a thing.

She pulled into the lullaby as the bushes rustled to me.

I was walking by the window when I heard the death watch beating.

The silence started tingling like the wind with a live fire.

High and far through cloud and air the death watch was beating.

But the night began to darken as the death watch beat to me.

I was sleeping on my pillow when I heard the dead man rattle.

The dead man who lies drowned at the bottom of the sea.

Westward just through gloom and gray I saw the dim moon falling.

New I must face and go to him, the dead who cries on me.

—Alice Furlong in Speaker.

## CAPSULAR BANQUETS.

### When Capsules Will Be Administered in Condensed Portions.

"See that handsomely dressed lady that went out as you just came in?" inquired the grocer. "I'll bet my head against a cent postage stamp you can't guess what she wanted. No? I'll tell you. She wanted a glass of water and a pinch of salt. Yes. Then she whipped a little box out of her pocket, took a capsule out of the box and, putting the salt in the grocer's dustbin, she dumped down her three. Then she laughed, thanked me and said that was her luncheon. The capsules were filled with extract of beef.

"The idea of concentrated foods has been getting in its work in preparations for soups. A little box holding less than a quart of a pint has concentrated within it vegetables and meats sufficient to make a quart or more of soup. A genius out in California discovered that 80 per cent of the potato is water. He proceeded to drive away the water and then shipped five times as much potato as it was possible to ship before desiccation.

"Don't you remember that it was said at the time of the war that prices were so high in Richmond that people brought their Confederate money in a basket and took their family supplies of meat and vegetables home in their pocketbooks? We're coming to pretty much the same thing if this concentration goes on. It does not take much imagination to see that the time may be near at hand when the grocer of garden truck will take his stuff not to the grocer, but to the back door of the manufacturing chemist, who will make it into various vegetable tablets.

"Then we shall have our tomatoes in tablets, our parsnips in pills and lettuce in lozenges. Milk will be represented in a tablet the size of a trousers button. This is not at all fantastical. Some time ago a chemist announced that he could and would produce food to sustain life from ordinary coal tar and that to it might be given the most delicate and entrancing flavors, and it might be made charming to the eye.

"If vegetables and other things that are now perishable are thus made into tablets, it is easy to see that there will not be the waste that we now have. Goodly to the garbage man, who now carries away the profit of the grocer in his odorous wagon. With the table business in full swing there would be no need for the grocer. He would go, and the places that have known him would know him no more forever. In his place there would be fellowing along the street with little trays in front of them, like suspender and shoestring men, selling all kinds of vegetable tablets. More than this!"

Here the grocer was called away by a customer.—Indianapolis News.

## Life Is Lovely In China.

All of us who know China, the leading and most populous country in Asia, and whose empire, extending over 3,600,000 square miles, covers two-thirds of that vast continent, know that the life breath of its prosperity is precisely its independence of auto-craze.

Though in name a despotism, the emperor is little more than a figurehead. All official appointments are nominally in his hands and his decrees are regarded almost as divine, but he has not, like the czar of Russia, an army of docile Tchinovniks to see his decrees carried out and to worry and oppress the people.

A Chinaman, unless in the rare instances when he is entrapped into a lawsuit or caught as a criminal, may spend his whole life without even crossing an official. In the cities he has neither license tax nor house tax nor municipal rate to trouble him. No tax collector calls at his door. He is free to trade and travel where he will; passports are unknown. He settles his disputes by the arbitration of his own voluntarily supported guilds. A nominal land tax, a customs duty tax of 5 per cent and a labor and a transit tax or, like, of 25 per cent, together with the produce of the government salt monopoly, are estimated to burden the Chinaman with an annual contribution amounting to less than half a dollar per head.—North American Review.

## A Good Reason.

"Now, Johnson, look sharp and come and repeat your lesson to me."

"I can't, sir."

"You are not going to tell me that you have forgotten it already? You must have a head like a sieve."

"No, sir, I—I ain't exactly forgotten it."

"Well, what do you mean by first telling me that you cannot say it and then that you have not forgotten it? Both answers cannot be true, my good boy."

"Yes, sir, they are. I never knew it."—New York Herald.

## Fault With the Dinner.

Finally—I was surprised that Minton should come in to dinner a half hour late. No gentleman will be late for dinner.

Daddy—A gentleman is always a gentleman. He is never late for dinner. The dinner may be too early.—Boston Transcript.

## Her Preference.

"Which do you prefer," said the caller, "gold or whist?"

"Gold," answered Mrs. Blykins promptly. "It fatigues my husband so much when he plays it that he doesn't talk about it in his sleep."—Washington Star.

If any one hates you, overcome his hatred by asking him for any kind of information.—Atchison Globe.

The largest inclosure for deer is said to be the Royal park in Copenhagen, of 1,200 acres.

## NO FAITH IN GHOSTS.

### WHY ONE MAN DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THE SUPERNATURAL.

His Experience In Seeing His Dead Grandfather Heppner and a Weird Midnight Encounter With Quivering Moans and Groans.

I have always maintained that there is no such thing as the supernatural. I have found in my own experience that every occurrence, no matter how mysterious it may appear at the time, can be logically accounted for if properly investigated. True, in some cases, years have elapsed before I discovered the actual solution, but I have never failed, in the end, to do so.

There are certain sensations common to the human race, ascribed by the superstitious to uncanny influences, which are nothing but tricks played upon the system by disorder and nerves. This is especially true in animals. A horse becomes panic stricken at a piece of dying paper in the air or sometimes at a perfectly still and silent object, such as a bowlder in the road. These things may appear supernatural to the horse, but to us who know better they are undeniably of the earth earthly.

One of the most extraordinary and spectral illusions imaginable occurred while I was in the city of New York. My bedroom, a large room with a bay window occupied the end in the side wall were two ordinary windows, the bed stood between them, and the mantelpiece was opposite, over which hung a life sized water color portrait of my grandfather. It represented him seated, reading a book. On a beautiful afternoon, about half past 2 o'clock, I happened to look out of the window nearest the bed. I could not have been more than five minutes from the house opposite in his familiar chair was my grandfather, reading. I called the family quickly, and they all saw it, clear, sharp and distinct. In less than five minutes from the time I had first seen it it faded, melted away and was gone.

My grandfather was dead, and this was the anniversary of that event. I could not give any explanation of the vision. My family was much affected by it, and the depressing weather which set in next day only deepened their sorrows. It was as if something occurred with time wore away, and though I never passed the window without looking for it, I did not again see the phantom.

On the next anniversary a stretch of bad weather prevailed, and evidently the old gentleman did not consider the porch a comfortable place to sit under the circumstances. He did not appear. I was patient, and when the Duke of Devonshire again I was at my post and on the lookout. Sure enough, dimly at first, there gathered out of nothing the familiar form of my grandfather seated on the porch opposite. For a minute the specter was very brilliant, then faded away as before, and so quickly that I had no time to investigate the surroundings. The following afternoon it appeared again, one minute later than on the previous day. I did not doubt it.

I now became convinced that it had some connection with the picture on my wall, because the attitude was the same, yet there was no window opposite the picture. I took it down the next morning with the aid of a stepladder and replaced it with a water color, one of Landseer's famous dogs. With the variation of a minute the dog appeared lying on the porch opposite.

Thus, after years of fruitless search, I had discovered that on the 9th, 10th and 11th of April the sun's rays struck the side bay window, were reflected across from the bookcase door to the glass of my grandfather's picture and thrown from there through another side window, on to the porch across the street. In three days' time the sun could no longer strike at the proper angle to produce the picture, and so, with bad weather, the solution of this mystery had been done for years.

At another time, while in the country, I had a hair lifting and most disagreeable experience. I had gone ahead of the family, when I expected next day, to open our summer residence. The weather was murky, and a thick fog had risen from the lowlands and settled in the valley. When I retired to my room, I was especially struck by the stagnant atmosphere, for, although the window was wide open, one had the sensation of being shut in a confined space almost to the point of suffocation. Therefore I did not look upon the old fashioned, canopied bedstead with approval, but threw myself down on the lounge, which was placed against the high rosewood footboard.

It was well after midnight when I was awakened in great fright, but by what I did not know. Silence was everywhere. I lay on my back, broad awake, with every nerve tingling. Suddenly I heard a smothered voice within six inches of my face and right on the lounge with me call me by name twice and in an agonizing tone cry:—

"Oh, help me, help me, I am dying."

I sprang up and made a light, but the room was empty, the bed untouched and no tangible presence about. While I was standing thus, dumfounded, a quickening gust of wind from the door and where I had been sleeping. I deliberately lay down upon the lounge. I felt my hair stir, and the cold sweat started from every pore of my body, but I had perfect possession of my will power and determined not to let fear get the upper hand.

Distinctly I heard the labored breathing of some one in distress right alongside of me.

"Oh, can't you help me?" Tink close to my ear. There were one or two sobbing sighs, then silence. I could in no way account for this uncanny visitation. I knew there was no other living person in the house. Presently a cock crowed, a dog barked, and at last dawn came with the twittering of birds.

That day while at the village drug store I heard Farmer Jones ask the clerk to give him something for his wife, as she was very ill and had cried all night for him to help her. Instantly I knew that it was this poor woman's cry which had reached me. Their place was just across the meadow, about half a mile from my house. Her husband's Christian name and mine were the same. I questioned him closely and found she had repeated the words exactly as I had heard them in my room.

Fog plays strange tricks on both land and sea. Owing to some unusual state of the atmosphere the voice had crossed the intervening space, wandered off at my window and made a sounding board of the foot of my bed. A mirage of sound was the result, if such a term can be used.—L. M. Wilson in Chicago Record.

## WAYS OF FEIGNING DEATH.

### A Well Known Actress Describes the Death Scene.

There is something fascinating in a well simulated death scene. The actress must know how to die gracefully, and it may be added that the art is by no means easy, says The Dramatic News.

Yvonne Allen has been called upon to frequently make her demise in various plays, and her death scenes have always provided much comment on account of their intense reality.

"I have endured many deaths," said Miss Allen recently. "How have I died? Well, in numerous ways. One I remember in 'Virginia.' I was stabbed and fell backward to the ground. The blow made me gasp, then gradually my limbs became rigid, and I fell just at the moment that the spark of life is supposed to leave the body. I used to remain motionless, with eyes and mouth open. My authority for such action was a well known pose in the world. I was the unfortunate witness of just such a tragedy in real life. The only pain I experienced in my scene was the enforced holding of my breath, for you can imagine that the slightest exhalation would show a movement of the body. The length of the actual death scene is about five minutes.

"When I played in 'Othello' with Tommaso Salvini, I was always very nervous during the smothering scene, because he used to go so far as to hold a small space open under the further side of the pillow so that I could breathe, but even that breathing hole would frequently get closed up under the forceful energy of Salvini. Then, when he found that he had killed Desdemona without cause, in his remorse he would throw himself heavily upon the body. I used to wait for this piece of business with fear and trembling. Salvini's fall was awfully realistic.

"As Juliet I have died many times. You know Romeo drinks the poison and subsequently throws the vial away as I approach him; then, seeing him die, I stab myself and fall over him. In one city a property man, thinking poison should be represented by a black fluid, filled the vial with ink. As Romeo merely made a slight motion of drinking he did not notice the fluid. But when he threw the bottle from him it struck some of my face and the ink flew all over my face and lovely white gown. On that occasion, you may be sure, I ended my life with the least possible delay.

"In 'La Carabiniere' I had a slow death by poison and took special care to find out the right poison that should be mentioned in the piece as the one which would cause a slow numbing of the circumference. He did not appear. I was patient, and when the Duke of Devonshire again I was at my post and on the lookout. Sure enough, dimly at first, there gathered out of nothing the familiar form of my grandfather seated on the porch opposite. For a minute the specter was very brilliant, then faded away as before, and so quickly that I had no time to investigate the surroundings. The following afternoon it appeared again, one minute later than on the previous day. I did not doubt it.

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## A Dry Lunch.

A parson sitting in Wales for his holiday set out with his three sisters one day to go up Snowdon. After a long and tiring climb of some three hours they arrived at the summit and sat down to enjoy some sandwiches which the reverend gentleman had carried all the way in a brown paper parcel. The string was cut. Four pairs of eyes looked eagerly and longingly at the parcel. The paper was unfolded, and two or three night-shirts were exposed to view. The parson had taken the wrong parcel.—Church Times.

## The Traditional Send Off.

"My daughter wants to be a famous writer."

"Do you think she will succeed?"

"Well, she has a good start. She was born down on a modest little side street."

—Detroit Free Press.

## She Didn't Pay It.

"Maud, didn't you pay money for your new cloak that you said you would?"



